



ALL NEW

a Hanna-Barbera Production



YOGI BEAR

NO. 21
DEC
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73/CDC

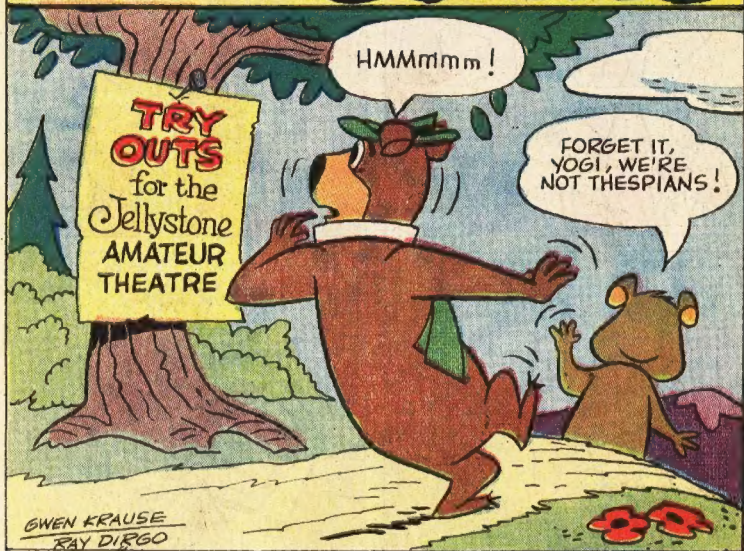
UK
6p



00750

RAY
DIRGO

YOGI BEAR ⁱⁿ NOT SO DUMMY

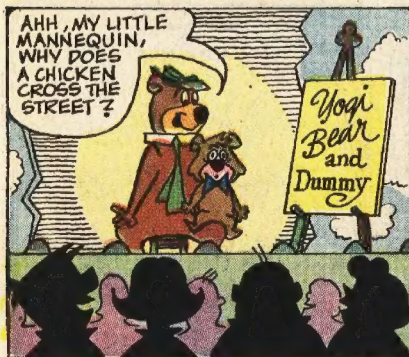


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YOGI BEAR

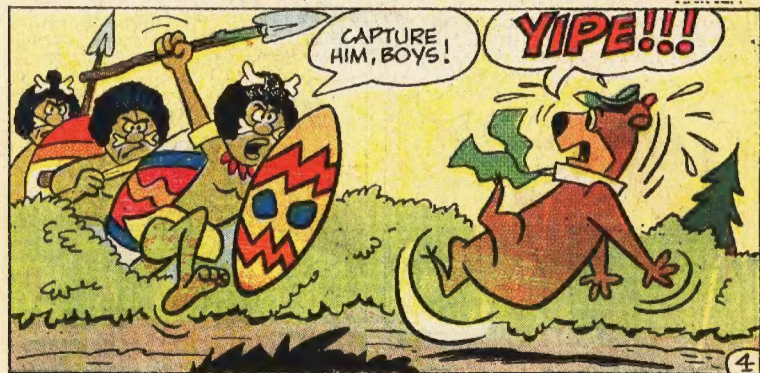
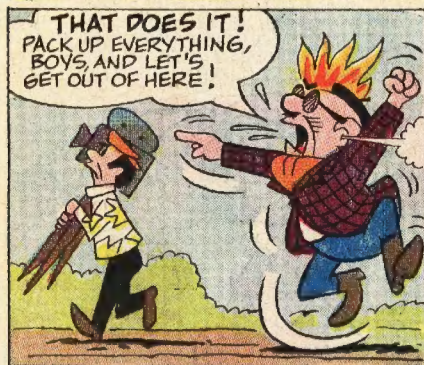
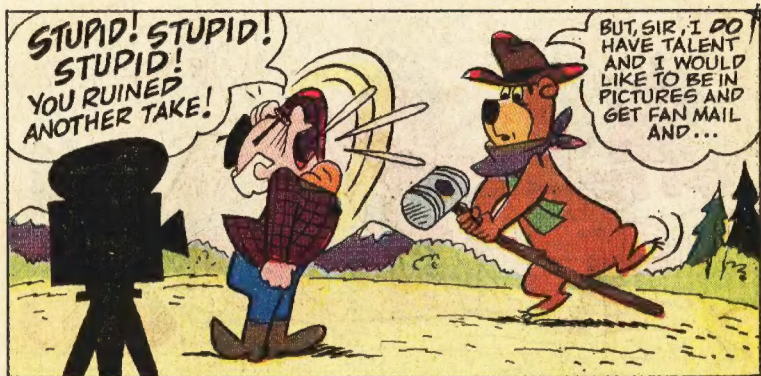
IN A STEW!

GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO







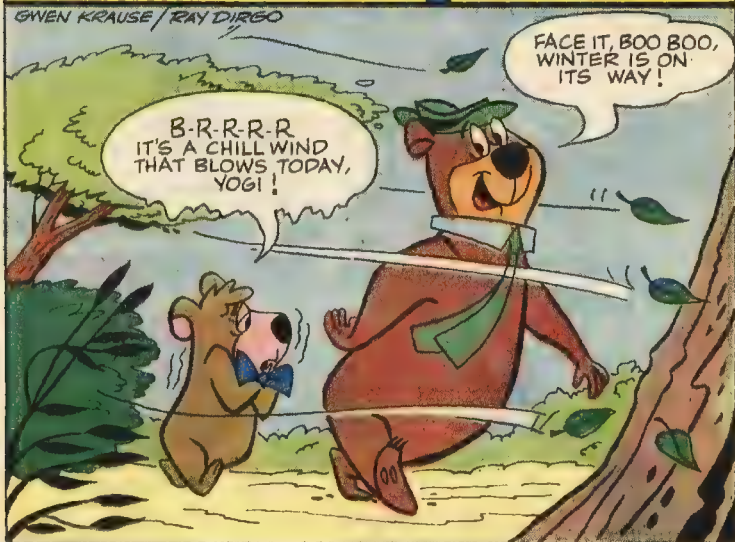


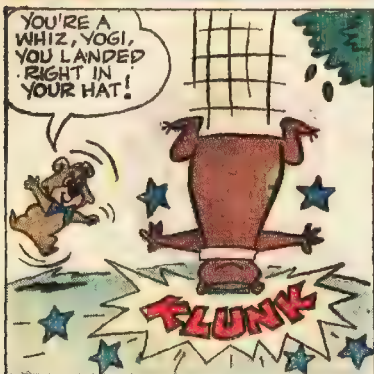
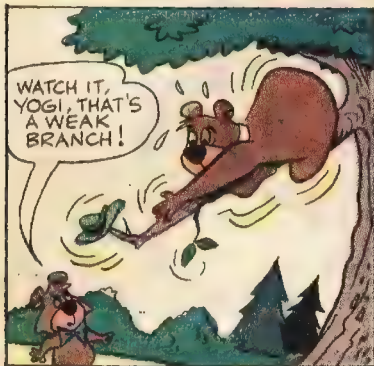


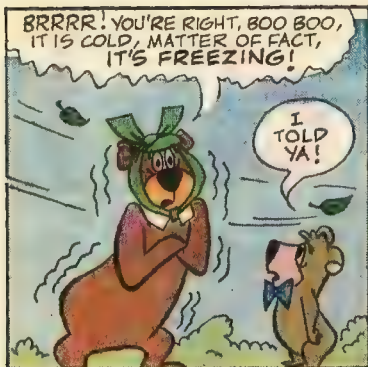


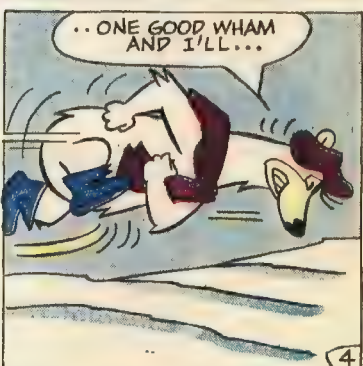
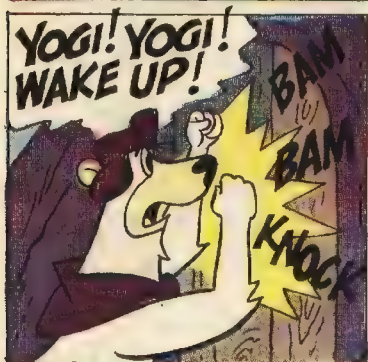
YOGI BEAR in Deep Freeze

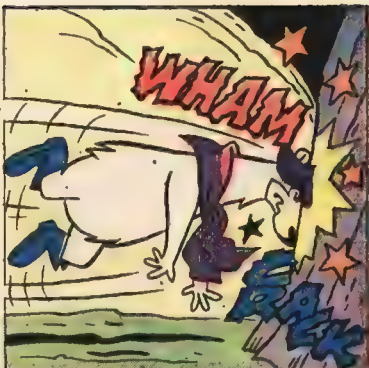
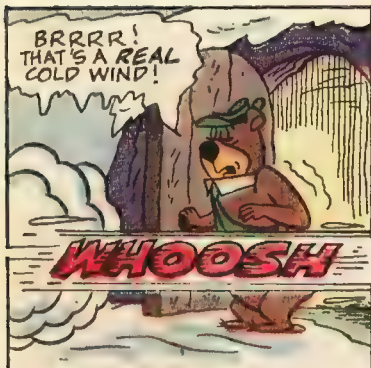
GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO











THE SNOW AND ICE IS PILED
A MILE HIGH IN ALASKA
AND IT'S ON ITS WAY
HERE...WE'RE IN A
NEW ICE AGE!

YEAH? NO
WONDER
IT'S COLD
IN HERE!



IT MUST BE ALL THAT
STUFF THEY'VE SHOT
UP IN THE AIR BLOCK-
ING OFF THE SUN
RAYS AND EVERYTHING
IS FREEZING!

AAAHH!
YOU'RE
PUTTING ME
ON,
BREEZLEY!



WELL, TAKE A LOOK FOR
YOURSELF, YOGI!

ULP!



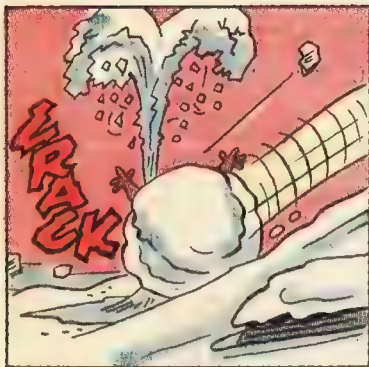
**HELP
BREEZLEY!**

I CAN'T HELP!
CALL THE
SCIENTISTS!



**YIPE! I'M HEADING FOR
THE GEYSER
HOLY COW, IT'S
FROZEN SOLID!**





THE PERMIT

My first appointment as teacher was to P.S. 45. I was young, full of energy and enthusiasm, and wanted to become a good teacher. I taught there for five years and then went to a junior high school. The only trouble with teaching was that you came up against a lot of situations which could be bewildering. You were never taught about how to handle them by the professors in the education courses. But be of good cheer! The kids could figure out what to do when even the experts were mixed up.

Once a year, we had "Open School Week." The parents came to school to talk to the teachers about the work of their offsprings and watch also how they acted in the classroom. The principal, Dr. Theodore Waltz, sent for me:

"Mr. Jacobson in the art department will help you. We want posters, signs, banners telling the public about our 'Open School Week.' A banner across the street, strung from the third floor window to the pole on the other side, would be very attractive. I think you need some kind of a permit. Check on it."

It really shouldn't happen to a dog what happened to me. How do I go about to check on where you get a permit for such a banner? Common sense? So when school was over, I walked to the corner where officer Michael Winsten was directing traffic. I asked him where I would get such a permit.

"I don't know," he admitted. "But call up on the phone. Ask for Captain Frank Reynolds. He is in charge of our precinct which is the 32nd precinct. He was helpful. I only got to him after I first spoke to the officer at the switchboard and explained the nature of my business; then to the sergeant at the desk; then to the head of the detective squad; then to the lieutenant; and finally to the captain himself.

"You want the Division of Licenses and Permits," he told me. "Number is Pa-7-0843. Glad to be of service to you. Give my regards to the principal."

So I called that number. The woman at the other end of the phone made matters clear to me:

"We issue permits for running a taxi or for getting a pistol. That is all we do. You want the Department of Buildings. Ask for Mr. Anderson. The number is CI-7-2580."

So I called that number. But it was four o'clock, and I

was told to call again the next day. Which I did. Then Mr. Anderson spoke to me.

"All you have to do is to submit your plans certified by an architect and an engineer. Then we give you the permit."

"But I don't want to erect a building," I tried to tell him. "All I want to do is to string a school banner across a street. Can't you help me?"

"Of course, I can," he informed me. "The street comes under the Department of Highways. Number is KI-8-9000. Ask for Miss Blake." This I did. Miss Blake came right to the point.

"You are not allowed to fix the street without our permits. Is that clear?"

"Very clear," I replied. "I seem to be getting nowhere very quickly. All I want is a permit to string a school banner across the street. Can't you help me?"

"Call the Division of Licenses and Permits," she continued. "It is under their jurisdiction. The number is ..."

I hung up. It was getting what is known as the "run-around." Back to where I started. Next day, I told the news to my class.

"Don't you worry," said Jimmy, who was president of the class and also head of the art group working on the banner. "We know what to do."

Within a few days, it was quite evident that some kind of a secret was being passed from student to student. And came the day when the banner was to go up. It was up, but not the way we had figured on it. Six gas-filled balloons were holding it up in the air. On each side of the street was a man with a guide rope. Later I learned that Jimmy's father was in charge of publicity for a circus.

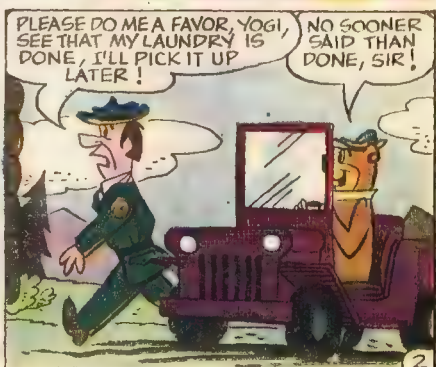
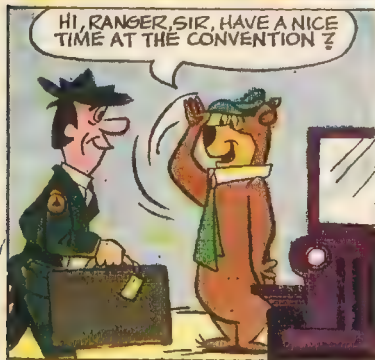
Soon the newsmen and photographers were there. We were getting top billing in the newspapers. They reported what had happened when I tried to get a little permit for the banner. But I had never anticipated the results. The major himself came with a work crew. Up went the banner the way I wanted it in the first place.

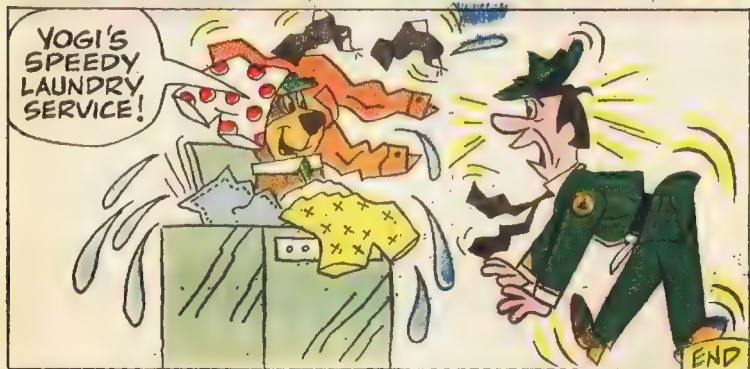
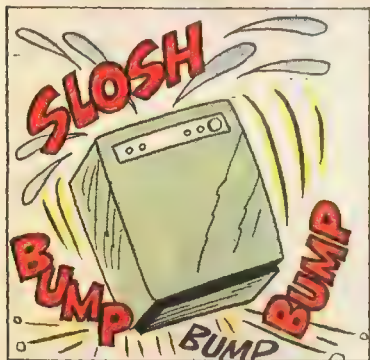
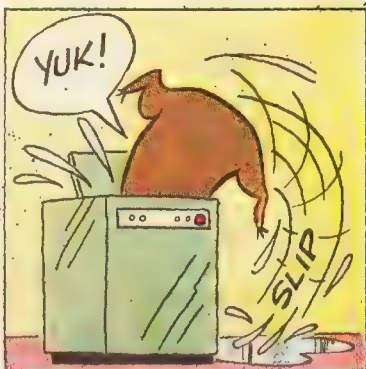
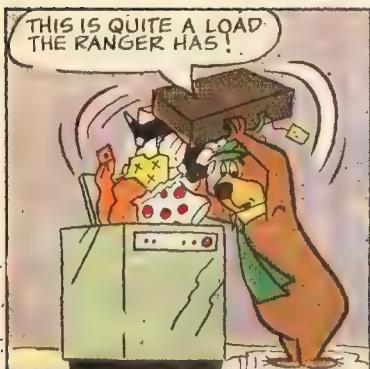
"The corporation counsel informed me that under section 56A of the education law a school does not need a permit for a banner."

Anyway, our "Open School Week," at least in our school, was successful.

YOGI BEAR ^{IN} AT YOUR SERVICE!

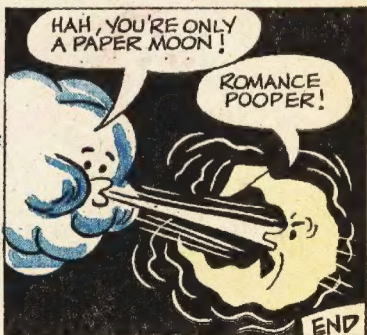
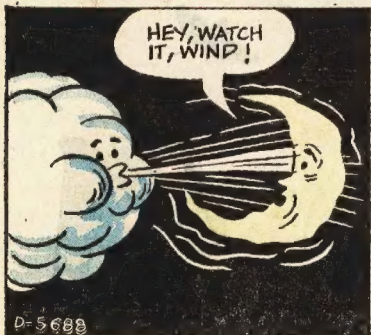
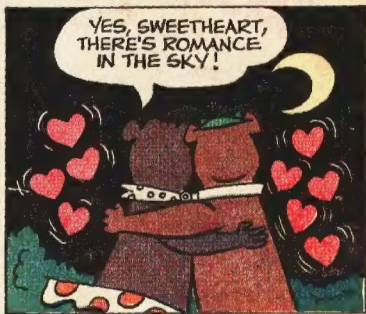
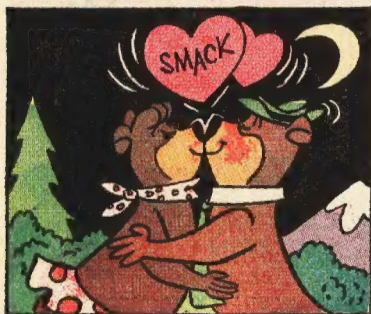






YOGI BEAR IN

It's only a...



YOGI BEAR 'IN

POOF!

YOU WANT TO SEE
ME FOR SOMETHING,
MR. MILLER?

YES, YOGI, I
WANT TO
SHOW YOU
WHAT I PUT
TOGETHER!

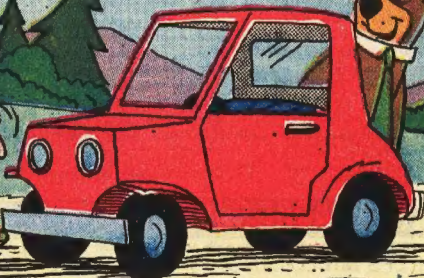
HERE
IT IS!

THAT'S A CUTE
LITTLE PUDDLE
JUMPER, MR.
MILLER!



IT'S NOT JUST A
PUDDLE JUMPER,
YOGI, IT'S AN ELECTRIC
CAR POWERED BY
BATTERIES!

WELL HEY-HEY,
IT'S A POLLUTION
SOLUTION!



GIVEN
KRAUSE
RAY DIRGO

D-5687

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